ing. Even a street girl of Papeete will sell herself for a cinema ticket or a ride in a motor-car rather than for the money which will purchase either ten times over. The personal element is still first with them. Class distinctions are still unnatural. The servant calls his master by his Christian name. They are still at bottom modest without being prudes, and animally impulsive and eager without being mercenary. They still love best the simple things—moonlight nights, the dappling sun on water, the scent of flowers. The terribly important things of Europe and America are still playthings with them—house furniture, automobiles, gramophones and dresses. And I think it is true to say that, despite all disillusionment, the best of them still think that the English aristocracy is essentially "noble/' and London and Paris cities of enchantment. More, thinking that, the best of them still love Tahiti and dread to leave her.

I have seen Tahitian maids,

weeping bitterly, embrace and kiss their American master and mistress of a month, bedecking them with wreaths and loading them with gifts, while the steamer blew her final siren. When a “native" visitor can sit